

# The Audacity of My Ass

*by* Jerry Ratch

Thinks he's dating super-models  
but is never quite sure whether they're  
really just high-priced hookers  
on a charity binge,

singing:

I am man

I am whiskey, snorting trouble

I smell of our cars

I am trouble

in the disappearing night

The white moon is dangling  
by a thread tonight

I close my eyes

and listen to it undress

undress

Then there were car windows  
bashed out on both sides  
Glass on the ground  
like Kristallnacht

That's a fight

That's a romance

gone bad

